Bonnie Hall

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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For the Myrtle

The Vacation.

My darling little children,
The time is drawing near,
For the Sunday School to be vacant,
And not one of us be here.

And as we all shall separate,
And to our homes repair,
Don't let any *one* of us,
Forget to make a prayer,

That God in his kind mercy,
May watch us one and all,
And bring us safe together
In the Sunday School in Fall.

And as we bid our pastor
An affectionate good-bye,
Let him see by our faces,
We every one will try,

To live up to all his teachings;
And grace to us be given,
That when God calls us to himself
We all shall meet in Heaven. *L. S. H.*

Welcome to our Pastor.

[Written by a member, and sung by the Second Universalist Sunday-school on the occasion of the return of Rev A. A. Miner, D D, their Senior Pastor, from his California Mission, June, 1874.]

Forth from home our Pastor went,—
For his heart to heaven he lent —
That God's grace, so full and free,
They on distant coasts might see.

As he spake in accents strong,
Many hearts burst into song;
Many hungry souls were fed
With the true and living Bread.

Praise to God! 'tis nobly done,
For the truth the battle's won.
O'er the land from shore to shore
All the Father may adore.

From thy mission so divine,
Welcome Pastor, at this shrine,
Where again thy voice shall lead
Lambs of God to Christ the Head.

Home again! With joy we hail
One for whom love can not fail.
We come Pastor, kept of Heaven! —
Unto God be glory given!

For the Myrtle.

Annie Graham's Picnic.

"I HOPE something pleasant will take place on the Fourth to make it especially pleasant," said Annie Graham.

In the quiet little place where she lived, there was no sign of any preparation for the day. No one knew how much she had set her heart upon some sort of a good time, until the morning of the Fourth came, when with a wistful face she said to her mother,

"Could we not have a little picnic in the grove? School will not keep, and all of the other children would be as glad of a good time as I would."

"Why child!" said Mrs Graham, "how can you have a picnic? There is no time to get the dinner, and—"

"But, mother, we don't care about the dinner part, Robbie and Will could put up swings, we could play games, and all we would need would be a little lunch. Please say yes, mother."

Annie's brothers and sisters added their pleadings to hers, and kind Mrs. Graham at last gave her consent. Then the children set heartily at work to make ready for the picnic. Annie was a fine hand to devise ways and means to bring

about desired results, and with her at the head effective work was done. The swing, that through the summer hung from one of the huge limbs of the oak in the door-yard, was taken down and put up in the grove, and at Annie's suggestion, a smaller one also for the little children.

Robbie was detailed to invite the guests. On his way he met a good part of the school children already started for his house, for the pleasant grove, the swing, and the troop of children there, made it a favorite place of resort. A few on the outskirts of the district, by his invitation met there also and the fun began. There were firecrackers and torpedoes of course, for this was long before the terrible fires had taught people to prohibit "crackers." But what a nuisance they were! One little boy carelessly threw a lighted cracker into his sister's lap, when it exploded and burned a hole in her pretty muslin dress. But that was the only accident of the day, and a merry day it was for the little party. The games they played at school were all tried. Never did children enter with greater zest into the merriment of "Hide and Seek," "Drop the Handkerchief," or "Hunt the Squirrel." Some one proposed "Copenhagen." "All but the silly kissing," said Annie. Others agreed with Annie, and that part being left out it was voted "a jolly game."

Then came dinner time. The frolics of the morning had helped to make hungry little people, and even a less inviting lunch than Mrs. Graham gave them would have been kindly relished. The whole picnic was such an unexpected affair, of course the lunch had been got up in a hurry. If Mrs. Graham did not live "twelve miles from a lemon," she was far enough away from lemons, to make it quite impossible to procure them in sufficient quantities to make lemonade for the children, so a huge pitcherful of "sweetened water" was made to take its place. An even grassy spot was chosen to spread the dining cloth upon. Some of the older girls helped Annie arrange the food, while the others occupied themselves in making wreaths of oak leaves, with which to adorn themselves and the table. At last the lunch was ready. A basket of luscious cherries occupied the center, while plates of sandwiches, snapps, crackers, and new cheese of Mrs. Graham's own making, filled up the remaining space. A little one side upon a flat rock stood the pitcher and drinking mugs.

At an invitation from Annie the children gathered around the cloth in as small a circle as their numbers would admit. There was a little danger of things becoming formal, when Robbie, who had a funny way all his own, arose and said,

"All great dinner parties need somebody to make a speech. I introduce myself, Mr. Robert Graham, to fill that place here to-day.

> 'I am just as happy as can be.
> Your pleasant faces here to see;
> We've robbed the trees, here is our pelf,
> So every one please help himself.'"

With a profound bow and amid roars of laughter, Robbie seated himself, and every one obeyed his injunction in a manner that showed the "pelf" and the eatables generally were fully appreciated.

It was a happy day for Annie. She had made others happy, — in that lay a part of the cause of her happiness. Members of that party have been heard to say, since becoming men and women, that never did they attend any picnic, no matter how grand the scale upon which it was got up, that began to be so enjoyable as was Annie Graham's picnic, that Fourth of July, years ago. *H. H. D.*

How to Succeed.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with doing what another has done — surpass it, Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; it slowly but surely makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

"DID you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

"I have," shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" inquired the master, amused by his earnestness.

"On an elephant," was the rep'y.

God Everywhere.

I have a little friend named Aibert, a very dear little boy, full of life and play, and yet a very thoughtful and obedient child. He had been taught by his mother that God was his Father, and that he took care of him by day and through the dark night, and gave him every comfort and blessing which he enjoyed; and that he must pray to God to keep him and take care of him, and make him a good boy; and that he must fear to offend "our Father who art in heaven"; for he knows not only all we do and say, but knows the very thoughts of our hearts.

Albert would ponder over all these things, and ask many questions which it would puzzle wiser heads than ours to answer. He never forgot his prayers morning and evening; and in childlike simplicity brought all his little troubles and worries to his mother, to ask her if he should not pray to God to take them away. His mother would talk with him, and tell him God knew all we needed, and he loved to listen to the prayers of little children, and had bidden them to come unto him that he might bless them.

Last summer, all the family went to one of the beautiful beaches on the coast to pass the warm season. If ever a little fellow did enjoy rolling in the sand, making sand-pies, digging for shells, and wading in the water, it was our friend Albert. There were a great many other little children there, and they had merry times together, I assure you.

The first night after Albert went up-stairs to bed while his mother was undressing him, he said, in a very serious voice,—

"Mamma, has God got a brother?"

"No, my dear," said the mother, surprised at the question.

"Then, mamma, has he a sister?"

"No, my dear boy, still replied the mother.

"Then, mother, there is no God here at all at the beach; and we had a God in Boston, and left him there. I think we had better go right back, so that he can take of us, and not forget us.

"But, Albert," said his mother, "God is every where. You are young yet, and cannot understand such things. God is here and in Boston, and in all other places, at the same time."

"Not *our God*, mother. There must be two gods: and that would not be right, for in the commandment it says, 'Thou shalt have do other god before me." Mother, I want to go *back to our God*. I have not got any 'Our Father' here to say my prayers to."

So mother took the little fellow on her lap, and talked to him of the greatness of God, who was everywhere all the time, — the God who formed the heavens and the earth, the sun, moon, and stars, and yet made every little flower in the garden and in the meadow, and watched over and loved all the little children just as much as if there was only one little child in the world; that he is with us wherever we are: we cannot escape his eye, and he never forgets us.

Albert listened with great interest to all his mother said, and then, with tears in his eyes, he said,—

"Mother, will this great God let us be his children?"

"Yes, my dear; for he made us all. And our Saviour says, even the hairs of our heads are numbered; and why should they not be, if he made them all? And Jesus tells us that he careth for the little sparrows, which seem of such small value to us; and how much more will he care for each and all of us!"

By-and by Arthur slipped from his mother's lap, and said, "Now I know, mamma, that God is with me right here; and I want to kneel down and say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' and then to ask him never to leave me, and never to let me leave him"

The Difference.

A New Orleans paper tells us a story of a printer, who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone with them to drink.

He did this for five years.

He then looked at his bank account, and found that he had laid up five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents.

In five years he had lost not a day because of sickness. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards.

The water-drinker then bought out the printing-office; and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money he had laid aside a good many thousands of dollars. The story teaches a lesson which every little boy should lay to heart.

THE foundation of every virtue is humility.

For the Myrtle.

A Music-Box.

BIRDIE, birdie let me see
How you can sing so merrily.
Where does it come from how is it made,
The music that in your throat is played?

Is it a viol, or is it a flute?
Pipe like an organ, strings like a lute?
And do you know when the strain you trill
Or comes the song of its own sweet will?

"Mistress mistress," so saw you,
"How could I tell you, if I knew?
Only one little key unlocks
The secret charm of my music-box.

I can but *sing* and tell you so,
How I make the music go;
Watch my throat and you'll hear it say,
Mistress, mistress *that* is the way!"

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

A Good Boy's Accident.

WHY is it that the stories make all the accidents happen to bad boys in punishment for their carelessness or disobedience? I don't think it is fair, do you, boys? I have known boys to be hit by ball clubs, and knocked down in coasting, and to fall into the river, and down out of trees, and to cut their fingers off, who were doing no harm in the world, but to whom these things just *happened* by no fault of their own. In fact I am going to tell you a story of such a "good boy's accident."

It was nooning in haying-time and three boys were resting in the shade of the trees in the dooryard,

"Come, boys," said the eldest after a few minutes. "the men will take their full hour of nooning, and we shall have a long time to mow, if we go now. Let's see what a good piece we can get mowed by the time they get down there!"

That was the way the boys were learning to mow. They were not strong enough yet to swing the scythe for half-a-day, like the men. But early in the morning before the men came to work, and at noon while they were resting, the boys could take the scythe and mow for half an hour; and the men always praised their work if they mowed evenly and well, and made great account of being helped along by the boys. The rest of the day the boys spread the hay, and waited on the men, and between whiles lay in the shade and learned how by watching the men.

They were soon in the field on this noon that I speak of, with their scythes, moving side by side in three long swaths. They hardly spoke to one another for half an hour, but each tried to see if he could get a little ahead of the others, and so all three kept steadily abreast, and swung their scythes like clock-work.

"Won't the men's eyes stick out when they see how much we've done," said Leslie, stopping at last to wipe the sweat from his face.

The men were just coming into the field, and the boys wanted to put in just a few strokes more, before they had to give up their scythes. Uncle John had but just heard these words of Leslie's when he heard a sharp cry from him. Leslie's heavy scythe had struck a stone and turning in his hands had tripped him at the same time, and as he fell his knee had struck right across the sharp blade.

"I think the men's eyes *did* stick out when they saw what *he'd* done," said Uncle John afterwards. For when he reached the spot Leslie had sunk back on the grass with a gaping wound across his knee, "into which," as Uncle John said, "you might have laid three fingers."

Happily Lester did not feel the hurt of it as the shock and faintness had made him almost unconscious. Uncle John took off his neckerchief and bound it tightly around the limb above the knee, and they took him up and carried him gently and quickly to the nearest house. The kind neighbor quickly harnessed his horse, and his good wife bathed Leslie's face with camphor, and amongst them all he was in less than half an hour lying on his mother's bed with three doctors over him.

The doctors shook their heads and said it was a bad thing. The scythe had cut its full depth right into the joint. One said he must have it done crooked, because the knee would always be stiff any way. Two said he must have it done

straight, because being a growing boy the joints might come right again, and if he must always be a cripple it might as well be with a straight leg as a crooked one. And the two prevailed. They sewed it up with three stitches and put long narrow plasters across it, and put the leg in a splint as if it had been broken; and there Leslie was, done up for the rest of the haying-time.

People would say to Leslie, as he lay on the bed "playing girl," as he called it, or later hobbled about on his crutches, "Well, you wont want to touch a scythe again very soon." And his father would say cheerily, "Oh, yes, Leslie shall try it again next summer. The lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, you know."

In three months the knee was as good as ever, with only a long red line across it, "where they sewed up the seam," Leslie said.

"I shall finish my swath next summer," he had told the doctors bravely, when they were sewing up his knee. And he did.

H. A. B.

The Field of Corn.

Ralph Quin was once a rich man. He then had men to work his farms, and fill his big barns and cribs with hay and grain, and a good wife and six fine sons to bless his home.

But he had lost his great wealth. His dear wife and four of his sons died long since. Mark and Paul, the two sons left to him in his old age, were gone from home to make their way in the world.

So he was left with but one field; from which, by skill and hard work, he got his food. But at length he fell sick, and sent for his two sons, that he might take leave of them and give them his last charge.

"My dear boys," said he, "there is one thing, which, with my last breath, I beg of you to do; and that is, to seek out a rich gift which I have left for you, and which you will find in my field—"

But here Ralph Quin's voice grew faint; his head sank down on his breast in death; and so his two sons did not know what more he meant to say.

Their great loss grieved them so much, that for a long time they did not do what the good old man had begged them to do. But at length want drove them to seek in the field for what they thought must be a box of gold.

They searched it through from end to end. They dug and dug till there was not a clod that had not been turned. At last they gave it up.

"It is strange," said Mark, "that our father should have set us on this long search for a thing which is not here!"

"Come," said Paul, "since we have done so much hard work on the field I think we may as well get some good from it. So we will plant it with corn, and our toil will not all be lost."

And so they set to work to plant the corn; and in due time a crop sprang up, six times as large as the crops which had grown there in the old man's day.

The young men then said that this must have been the gift which the old man meant, and that his wish was that each should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.—[*London*] *Children's Paper.*

In Grandpa's Cherry-Tree.

In grandpa's cherry-tree down by the barn
What do you think I see?
Three little bright-eyed birdies,
Having a regular spree.

A scarecrow, dressed in an old black coat,
Hangs from the topmost limb;
But birds like these are not the birds
To be afraid of him.

Arthur sits on a rocking bough,
Eating all he can cram;
Dropping a cherry now and then
In the hat of his brother Sam.

Robin's mouth and pockets are full;
So is his big straw hat;
And his apron makes him a "red breast;"
I'm very sure of that.

Bess, the mare, at the old barn door
Stands quietly eating hay:
"What are those wild young colts about?"
I think I hear her say.

Now, whether she told mamma her thoughts,
Or grandpa suddenly fea ed
The boys were in mi chief, I do not know;
But they've all disappeared.

Ah! here they come with a joyful shout,
Straight up to the nursery door;
And with cherry-skins, and stems, and juice
They are covered o'er and o'er.

Mother says, as she shakes her head,
"Boys will be boys, I see,
But I fear some stomachs will ache to-night,
To pay for this little spree."

Our Sunday Schools.

We must make brief reports and many of Children's Sunday. And many items of seasonable interest from our schools, must wait till we have made record of this summer festival. Besides the long record of special services in our Massachusetts churches we have the following.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The parish in North Adams observed the day June 14. The church was finely decorated and a large number of young people and children were in attendance, An affecting incident was the christening of a motherless infant brought in by its father. In the evening a floral concert was held with the colloquy from the *Helper* "Coming to Jesus," and other interesting exercises.

—June 21 was observed at South Adams, with baptismal service in the morning and floral concert in the evening. A special exercise of the evening was the decoration of the altar. Photographic views of the elaborate decorations were afterwards taken to retain the beautiful effect to the eye and memory.

—At Quincy on the 21st, eleven children were consecrated. The church was richly decorated in emblematic designs of faith, hope, charity, with harps, crosses, etc. The entire services had special reference to the occasion.

—The 21st was observed at Amesbury and Salisbury. The floral adornments were profuse, among them an arch, festoons, a lyre, two anchors, besides baskets and pyramids. The children took part in the services. Seven children were christened. In the evening was given a floral concert.

—At Lowell the First church observed June 21 as the last Children's Sunday in their old church. Every part of the church was made beautiful with flowers, in all artistic devices. Above the pulpit was a large floral circle with a dove in the center bearing the message "Love" in its beak. The exercises were fully interspersed with music and responses in which the children joined. Both children and adults received baptism. In the second parish the exercises were similar, and the same may be said of the floral display. Six een children were received.

—At South Boston a large number both of children and adults were received, June 28. The decorations were elaborate, among them a pyramid of small and rare bouquets which were distributed by the pastor to those receiving baptism at his hands.

—At Medford twenty children were dedicated by baptism, June 28. The decorations were "even more beautiful than usual" and singing birds in all parts of the church was a new and charming feature. A fine floral concert closed the day.

—At Boston Highlands, June 28 was entirely given to the children. The church was filled with music and fragrance by singing birds and flowers in all lovely devices. Fifteen children were consecrated. In the evening a concert was given, most of the time being devoted to a beautiful exercise illustrating "The Beatitudes." Dr. Patterson and two of the former pastors Dr. Ryder of Chicago, and Rev Mr. Fay of Washington, made addresses. The portraits of Dr. Ballou and Dr. Bartholomew, the pastors deceased, were hung in the church and decorated with flowers.

At Malden on the same day the decorations were wonderfully beautiful. Flowers in emblematic devices were ranged on the walls, and cages of birds were suspended amid festoons. At the altar was a fountain sending its spray among vines and flowers. Over the pulpit was a dove from whose beak radiated vines of flowers to the walls. Fourteen children were received.

—At South Weymouth the church was finely decorated and the services appropriate to the occasion. Two infants were christened.

—At Saugus June 28th was observed with a large attendance and a church beautifully adorned for the occasion.

—The 21st was observed at Brocton, formerly North Bridgewater. The decorations were very fine Over the pulpit was an arch of mountain laurel surmounted with roses, a white dove being beneath, while on each side were crosses of white flowers, and further on fountains, with bases covered with roses, ferns and mosses. The gallery fronts bore harps trimmed with evergreen, and beneath were graceful festoons of evergreen, and rich baskets of flowers in profusion. Nine children were dedicated at the morning service; in the evening a Sabbath School Concert.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—June 14 was observed at New Market. The church was tastefully decorated, mostly with wild flowers. In the morning was a sermon on the duty of parents to their children; in the afternoon an address to the children. Seventeen were dedicated.

—At Nashua, the morning was devoted to the christening and appropriate services, the evening to floral concert with exercise from the *Helper*. The floral decorations exceeded anything ever before undertaken in the city, and the church was thronged even between the hours of worship.

—The new parish at Hinsdale observed the day for the first time June 14. Ten children were consecrated. The church was beautifullh decorated with flowers. In the evening a floral concert with the exercise from June *Helper*.

—At Portsmouth the 21st was celebrated in spite of the storm. The pulpit and altar were finely decorated. Seven children were christened.

VERMONT.

—The superintendent of the Northfield School sends the following account: "The annual festival known as Children's Sunday was observed in the First Restoration ist church of Northfield, Sunday, June 28. The church was profusely decorated with wreaths, crosses, bouquets, and hanging baskets. The sermon in the morning by the pastor, Rev. R. A. Green, was particularly addressed to the children, and most happily adapted to the understanding of their young minds. After the sermon sixteen young ladies and children received the rite of baptism. In the afternoon the children gave concert which was well appreciated by a large audience. After the close of the services at the church the flowers were taken by the children and all repaired to the cemetery, where after singing and prayer, the children decorated the grave of the wife of our beloved pastor, likewise those of the members of the school that have passed away since our last Rose Sunday. The day was one long to be remembered by this society, and one, I trust, of soulfelt communion with God. *Mrs. L. Martyn, Sup't.*

—At St. Johnsbury the day was fitly observed June 28. In the morning ten children were consecrated and the pastor preached a sermon adapted to the occasion. In the evening a floral concert by the school. The church was pleasingly decorated, audiences large, and the music especially fine.

A Valuable Aid.

Every Sunday School Teacher, in addition to all other helps, ought to have the valuable Commentary of Rev. L. R Paige, D. D., certainly the two volumes on the Gospels. The publishers, the Universalist Publishing House, have reduced the price from $1.50 to $1 25 per volume, making a discount to Sunday Schools and teachers.

The Ministry of Jesus.

As we make up our paper considerably before its date, we have inadvertently fallen a week behind the regular lesson in our Bible talks. We will therefore include this week the lessons for July 12 and 19.

My first is of the calling of the disciples.

St. Mark in his brief record omits many things told by other evangelists He only refers to the temptation that followed the baptism: he omits the return to Galilee, the marriage in Cana, the journey to Capernaum with his friends, the first brief ministry in Judea, and the return through Samaria, the preaching in Nazareth and the mob there by which he was driven to reside in Capernaum.

It was at Capernaum that he walked and taught by the sea when he saw the four young fishermen and called them to become "fishers of men." He had seen them before, as disciples of John the Baptist when he had gone to be baptized of John in the Jordan. But they had returned to their nets. John only made converts and pupils; but Jesus wanted apostles and missionaries, who would help him establish his gospel in the world. They must leave all and go with him. Nothing shows so plainly how well these ardent young disciples of John were prepared for Christ's appearance, as their willingness to believe and obey him. They were Jews, and had been taught like all the Jews to expect the Messiah. "The law was their schoolmaster to bring them to Christ." Their loved teacher, John the Baptist, had told them he was at hand. And they had been on the banks of the Jordan when the Holy Spirit had descended and the voice from heaven had said, "*This* is my beloved Son." Can we wonder that when Jesus said, "Come, follow me," they arose and followed him?

We may call this the beginning of the Christian church, the joining to the company of Jesus of these two pairs of brothers, Simon Peter and Andrew, James and John.

They went into Capernaum, and on the Sabbath day Jesus entered into the synagogue and taught. The synagogue was the Jewish church: and this shows us that Jesus was accustomed to go to the church and worship with his people on the Sabbath. If we love his example, shall we not do likewise?

We have lately learned about the building of the first place of Jewish worship, the tabernacle in the wilderness After the Jews had conquered Canaan, and built the great city of Jerusalem, they founded their magnificent Temple, to take the place of the tabernacle. This was their only place of worship. But when they were carried away captive into Babylon, far from their temple and scattered from one another, they made their humble little temples called synagogues, where they might worship according to their own religion in the heathen land. Praying always with their faces towards Jerusalem they could almost imagine they were within the courts of their lost Temple When they came back to their own land again, the nation had grown so large that they could only go up to Jerusalem to the Temple once or twice a year, so they built the synagogues in every village for their daily and weekly worship. They were not only places of worship, but schools especially for instruction in the laws of Moses. It is probable that Simon and Andrew, James and John had all been taught in this synagogue.

While in the synagogue a man diseased "with an unclean spirit" was healed by Jesus with a word The nature of this affliction we shall learn more about by-and-by; but this was among the first of many great miracles at Capernaum which sent the fame of Jesus through all that region, and gave him the title of The Great Physician.

Multitudes of sick and afflicted thronged about him wherever he went: and among them came one stricken with that most fearful and loathsome disease, leprosy. This was a disease of the skin, corrupting and eating it away, as if small-pox should be continued for months and years or as if cancer should extend over the entire body. It finally caused death and was rarely cured. It was so dreaded that the strictest laws were made to prevent its spread, and the leper was immediately banished from his family and his city. He was forbidden to approach or speak to any one lest he should communicate the disease, How cruel that seems to us! and how thankful we should be that we live in a more kind and Christian age, when the sick, no matter what their disease are not left to suffer and die alone. That is one of the blessings Christ has brought.

But Jesus was not afraid of the poor leper. When in his agony he broke over the law and came and threw himself at the feet of Jesus beseeching him, Jesus was moved with compassion and not only spoke the healing word but *put forth his hands and touched him* Jesus was not afraid. The uncleanness of the leper touched not him; but his own cleanness overmastered and healed the poison of the leprosy.

Sin is often compared to leprosy. It corrodes and destroys the inward purity makes the soul loathsome to itself and loathsome to others. To God alone the soul does not become loathsome but only pitiable. He has compassion upon it while he hates its uncleanness. He does not turn away from it, but stretches out to it his own pure hands of healing.

When the leper would have worshipped Jesus for this miracle, and blazed his fame abroad, he was told to do according to the laws of Moses; that is, to give his thank-offerings to God for his recovery. The power of healing came from God. So though our knowledge of God and the way he can cleanse and keep us from sin, comes through Jesus he comes to us only as the witness of his Father and ours. He is our Saviour because he is the "power of God unto salvation." He points always to the source higher than himself and commands the healed and rejoicing soul to "praise God from whom all blessings flow."

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